UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

An American Senator in Moscow

By SYDNEY STRONG

What the Christian Church Needs to Know About War and Peace

By LUCIA AMES MEAD

The Japanese Earthquake

By DIANA AGABEG APCAR

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1923 NUMBER 14

HEROD: A SOLILOQUY

"Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise-men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth and slew all the male children in Bethlehem and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under." *Matthew* 2:16.

"A *king*!" Thou heardst the word, Jehoiakim.
"A king is born!" And these, to hallow him,
To proffer gifts in purchase of his grace,
Have mov'd like winds across the desert's face;
And now, like winds about my palace gate,
Hunt out the cracks and crannies of my fate.

Last night as from the council-room I went
To brood my cares upon the battlement,
I saw this star the magi prate about.
It rose like to a silver torch from out
The east, then climbed into the upper air,
Hung for an instant like a jewel rare
Caught in the darkness of a woman's hair,
Then sudden burn'd and glow'd, a sea of light
That flooded, wave on wave, the shores of night.
I saw below, the city, tenanted
Beneath those spectral roofs as by the dead;
Each house a sepulchre, each square and street
Long emptied of the tramp of busy feet,
Waiting these silent centuries to greet
A Day when Jahweh's host shall shout on high,
And sound the clanging trumpets of the sky.

I stood in rapt amaze, when came a cry
Of one at hand—"Help, Master, or I die."
It was the guard upon the outer wall,
Pale as the elder stars, and swaying tall
And terrible above me as a tow'r
Rack'd by the huge convulsion of an hour
Of storm. Him I rebuk'd, and roughly taught
The meaning of the wonder, for I caught,
Or thought I caught, the sign. 'Twas victory
For Israel! 'Twas victory for me,
Great Herod, King!—Ay, King! For what know these,
The three called wise, these vagabonds who please
To talk of David and his house, that they
Declare this constellation marks the day
Of birth for one who shall be King of kings,
Lord of the earth, and of all earthly things?
They leave my throne to bow before *his* throne!
May Jahweh break them as a dog his bone;
Tread them in mud and mire as swine their dung;
Curse them, and all flesh from their loins sprung!

But why this wrath, for wrath is ever fear?
Have I not Cæsar to my friend, and near
His myriad legion'd hosts whose sun-kissed helms
Are lightning flame to far-horizon'd realms
Of empire, and whose measur'd feet have hurl'd
The thunder that sends echo through the world?
These armed elements make kings to quail,
The earth to wane, the very stars to pale;
E'en God's august dominion seems to fail,
For did not Pompey rend the Temple veil—
And live!—Hail, Cæsar, Hail!—the whiles thy sword
Endures, I shall of Israel be Lord.

Yet have I heard, on wings of rumor born,
Seen in the signals of the sudden morn,
Read in the eyes of tir'd, tortur'd men,
The swift assurance that somewhere, somewhen,
Shall come deliverance—a day draw near
When thrones shall shake and kingdoms disappear.
'Tis said one born of simple man and maid
Shall make the powers of the earth afraid;
His word rend chains and open prison-gates,
Cry down the proud and mighty from their seats,
Exalt the poor and them of low degree,
Proclaim the folk of Israel are free!—
Against his patience shall no arts prevail;
The sword shall break, the very cross shall fail;
His swift forgiveness shall consume like fire;
More terrible than armies his desire
Of peace! He comes, he comes, this Son of Man,
To lift up and cast down, to bless and ban! . . .
Is he this King? . . .
Quick, quick, Jehoiakim!
The night is sped apace, the stars grow dim.
Heed now thy chance! Give to thy blade its fill.
In Bethlehem and all its coasts kill, kill!
Each man-child kill from two years old and less.
Spare none! And all thy days shall Herod bless.

John Haynes Holmes.

Merry Christmas! To many of you—may we not believe to all of you—this Christmastide is merry because, among other things, you know UNITY, and read its message of brotherhood and peace each week in the year. Have you made some other person's Christmas a happy one, by giving him a subscription for UNITY, that he may share with you your blessing? Have you helped to make UNITY's Christmas joyful, by adding at least one new name to its list of friends? If so, we are glad and grateful. If not, we bid you look at your calendar and see how few are the days to the 25th. In either case, *Merry Christmas* to you all!

It is difficult for us to think of anybody being really happy this Christmastide unless he has given something of his substance to the relief of the misery of the world. And it is difficult to think of any channels for this giving more surely beneficent than these three:

(1) The Near East Relief, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York, for the more than a million refugees in Greece and Eastern Europe.

(2) The American Nansen Committee for Relief of Russian Children, Room 1106, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York.

(3) General Allen's Committee for the Relief of German Children, 19 West 44th Street, New York.

Send what you can to one or all of these committees, and thus make your Christmas blessed!

President Coolidge's message nails for good and all the League of Nations issue. Nothing could be more definite and final than the words which he spoke in the opening paragraphs of his official utterance:

> Our country has one cardinal principle to maintain in its foreign policy. It is an American principle. It must be an American policy. We attend to our own affairs, conserve our own strength, and protect the interests of our own citizens; but we recognize thoroughly our obligation to help others, reserving to the decision of our own judgment the time, the place and the method. We realize the common bond of humanity. We know the inescapable law of service.
>
> Our country has definitely refused to adopt and ratify the Covenant of the League of Nations. We have not felt warranted in assuming the responsibilities which its members have assumed. I am not proposing any change in this policy; neither is the Senate. The incident, so far as we are concerned, is closed.
>
> The League exists as a foreign agency. We hope it will be helpful. But the United States sees no reason to limit its own freedom and independence of action by joining it. We shall do well to recognize this basic fact in all national affairs and govern ourselves accordingly.

"The incident is closed" indeed. Or ought to be! But we have a suspicion that our League friends, seeing no way to peace but their own way, are likely to keep right on trying to galvanize the corpse. We must confess that we admire profoundly their persistence and consecration, but we can't for the life of us see the wisdom of it all. Not even the Bok Peace Prize Contest, all laid to give the League another boost, can avail anything now. Rightly or wrongly, the League is dead, so far as the United States is concerned. The World Court has just a chance, but only a chance, with Mr. Coolidge thus set against its progenitor, the League. He commended it, to be sure, "to the favorable consideration of the Senate," but not at all unqualifiedly, as the League champions have been naïvely insisting, but very definitely *"with the proposed reservations clearly indicating our refusal to adhere to the League of Nations."* What these reservations are, was stated by Mr. Harding in his famous speech at St. Louis, and are now embodied in Mr. Lenroot's Senate resolution; and if these do not destroy the whole proposition in the Senate, they will certainly do so in the Court itself. The Court will not have us, in other words, on the terms which the Senate is likely to impose. So the situation remains substantially unchanged. What is now dead, will be buried in the presidential campaign next year.

As we were pleased by what the President said about the League and the Court, so we were pleased by what he said about Russia. His statement on this issue marks a definite advance on anything that has gone before. It is true, of course, that he said a lot of silly things. It seems impossible for a responsible statesman to maintain his common-sense when he sets his gaze on Moscow! Thus he got off the old "bunk" about a "regime which refuses to recognize the sanctity of international obligations," as though Bolshevik Russia would have any difficulty in measuring up to the standards in this regard of the great imperialistic powers of the world! He declared piously that there must be a "disposition to compensate our citizens who were despoiled," in apparent forgetfulness of the German citizens whom we despoiled during the War and thus far show no slightest "disposition to compensate"! He demanded that there be an end in Russia to "the active spirit of enmity to our institutions," as though a preliminary to this should not be an end here to "the active spirit of enmity" to Russian institutions! He struck a fine pose about not making "merchandise of any American principles." But all this was to be expected. American like Chinese officials have to save their faces! The significant thing is that Mr. Coolidge spoke of the Russian situation as presenting not impossibilities but "difficulties." He said not a word about paying the debts of the Tsar. He spoke definitely of our "desire" to get back into relations with the people of Russia. He expressed the "hope" that the "time is at hand when we can act." All of which marks a decided change of attitude and spirit on the part of the American government! The glacier is moving, and, before we know it, perhaps, may drop with a great sound into the sea. We are more hopeful about the situation than we have been for a long time.

Every once in a while something comes along so exactly to our taste that we marvel that we ever think

of this old planet as anything other than what Leibnitz called it—the best of all possible worlds! Such a thing was the English election the first of this month. Talk about our being an optimist!—why, the sky was one great blaze of sunshine for us after we got the news of that event! Not even the participation of Lloyd-George in the affair, and the election of Mrs. Astor, seemed to dim the glory of our firmament. Not that we think this election solves any of our problems, or changes in any important way the landscape of English life! But there was something so specious about Premier Baldwin's appeal to the country, something so superficial and hypocritical about his sudden resort to protection as the solvent of England's difficulties, something so obvious in his attempt to drag a red herring over the trail of the humiliations and failures of his administration, and something so smashingly magnificent about the way the British electorate handled this disreputable business, that it all seems to us to be just about perfect. Especially as democracy doesn't always work this way, as it didn't, for example, when Lloyd-George pulled the same kind of a trick, though infinitely worse in character, in his election campaign of 1918! But all's well that ends well! The Tories are down and out; Asquith and the respectable Liberals are in control of their reunited party; best of all, the British Labor Party has gained enormously in strength and influence, and is nearer than ever to capturing the Empire. It's a great old world, dear friends. Away with sorrow and despair!

The Supreme Court of the United States has declared that the alien-land legislation of California is legal. This legislation may be legal, but it is at the same time disgraceful and cruel, and we believe that from an economic standpoint it is utter folly. The Japanese in California are no menace to the state. Only minds superheated by the fires of prejudice can conceive such a suspicion. The Japanese have for the most part taken desert land and made it blossom like the rose. They have with indefatigable labor raised enormous crops of vegetables, potatoes and berries. They have made a distinct economic contribution to the public welfare. They have been sober, industrious, thrifty—and this is their "crime"! "Get them off the land and they will have to work for us," has been the cry of men who wanted to reduce these self-respecting farmers to the condition of wage laborers. So long as these Japanese farmers had access to the land, they could not be compelled to work for others. To accomplish this the prejudice and racial hatred in California was mobilized in a campaign of misrepresentation, vilification and abuse. It is said that 50,000 Japanese are planning to leave California. We hope that this is true. This may prove to the people of California, as the Negro migrations are proving to the people of the South, how unfair and cruel has been their attitude toward this group of people.

The younger generation continues to furnish an almost inexhaustible supply of material of censorious judgment to the older generation. The youth of our day seem to be utterly without wit, morals or purpose to those who view their doings from the vantage-ground of slippered ease. Every generation has despaired of its successor. From the very beginning those who have dropped out of the roles of leading actors on the stage of life have kept up the sad tradition that wisdom was about to die with them. There have been some discords heard faintly in the doleful refrain, but for the most part these have been covered up by the great voice of the sad multitude. The protestants have been overwhelmed by the insistence and vigor with which these pessimists have proclaimed the continuous degeneration of mankind. It appears that this began with Adam and Eve who had a poor opinion of their offspring, and has continued unto this day. The hopeful youth of one generation has become the mournful viewer-with-alarm of the next. It does not seem to occur to these purveyors of gloom that they are the creators of the younger generations. They have builded the civilization into which they have introduced the youth of today. They have forgotten that they have made a very sorry mess of things generally, if anyone has. Certainly the youth of this hour are not responsible for the civilization into which they were born. Is it not about time to recognize the fact that the older generation at the present time has laid almost intolerable burdens upon the backs of the youth of today? If they are inclined to throw some of this burden in the way of useless tradition and silly convention into the sea, is not this a basis of hope? If they are determined more than we ever were to live their own lives and not be tied hand and foot by the cords that are woven in ignorance, should not we take courage? The youth of our day know more than we. Why should they not? They are the inheritors of more experience than we. They have ours in addition to what we had. They talk freely of things that we tabooed. They face facts that we refused to see. Their knowledge is their protection. If we have broken down or cast into the scrap heap ancient sanctions of morals and conduct, they are building new sanctions, and that is the greater task. We are being pressed aside and do not like the experience. But youth has ever cared little for that. They are pioneers finding their way. They deserve a cheer, and not dismal moans, as they move onward into the unknown.

Let us introduce you, friends and brethren, to an army chaplain who actually tells us the truth about this strange business of war. The chaplain is associated in our mind with sentimentality, sanctimonious piety, cant, hypocrisy, and cheap heroics—a disgusting figure. There are exceptions to the rule—Father Duffy, for

example—but the type is unmistakable. And here is another exception! He makes appearance in the pages of the *Baptist Quarterly*. Telling of his experiences, he says:

> As I look back, I see no occasion for the ordinary man to have had religious experiences whilst in service. War is something so opposed to God! It is so full of the Satanic—that is, of the consciously evil—that a pure experience of God can be possible only in the most exceptional cases. . . . Most men have seen in war-experience nothing but evil in its nakedness, and so far as they have thought about it at all, have been led to the conclusion that there is no God of truth, goodness and beauty. Forever stand those words over war which Dante placed over the entrance to Hell—"All hope abandon ye who enter here!"

As we read this straightforward statement of reality, we find ourselves thinking of the Donald Hankeys, the Coningsby Dawsons and the rest who drugged us with their spiritual romantics while the war was on. They were sincere souls—Hankey was in many ways a touching figure! But they lived in a mythical world, and dealt with factors as unreal as the fantastic checker-board in "Alice Through the Looking Glass." Their books, be it noted, are dead, while the grim horror of the war still endures among us.

An American Senator in Moscow

Senator King—touring Russia—will not object if I tell of a conference held in his room in the "Savoy," at which were present three members of the Holy Synod of the Russian Church; viz.: Archbishop Seraphim, bishop for twenty-five years, member of the Synod under the Czar and Tikhon, and now among the reformers; Bishop George Dobronraoff of Moscow, married, elected by the Council of May, 1923; Nourikoff, layman, lawyer, journalist, and Secretary of the Synod. There was also present J. H. Hecker, an American resident of Moscow, of whom more again, who acted as a very intelligent interpreter.

The Senator was greatly interested in the religious life of Russia. He hoped that the two parties in the Church might be brought together. He wanted to know exactly how matters stood, and was willing to act as peacemaker. Quite dramatic, isn't it? An American Senator from Utah seeking to understand and heal the breach in the Orthodox Church of Russia! No nation ever had a better chance for uplifting the world than the rich, powerful, efficient Republic from the West! Will it be a case of "the rich young man"?

I think the Senator does not find much hope for unity. He had had previously a long conversation with one of the conservative leaders, who was quite unyielding. There always seems to be a necessity for a few first class funerals in order to reach harmony.

I learned from the conference that there were 400 churches in Moscow; 50,000 priests throughout Russia; that monasteries had not been closed by the government if the residents had been workers. I understood Mr. Nourikoff to say that no church was closed against the will of the community, the country over; also more will be closed, because there are too many in some communities. Monasteries in Moscow had been closed, because they housed non-workers, "parasites," as they had been termed. Agitation for closing the Moscow monasteries had been made previous to the revolution. It was said by one of the members that the government had "been very tolerant in regard to pictures and privileges of the church." It was brought out that all property had been nationalized: The churches now receive their buildings from the government; also that the Church cannot tax the people, but all contributions must be voluntary. The three churchmen affirmed that the present Holy Synod, now in power, was legal and ecclesiastically correct.

The Holy Synod is the highest governing body, and is composed—as far as I recall—of 12 bishops of the old consecration, 4 bishops of the new, 9 priests, 1 deacon, 1 archdeacon, and 4 laymen. A new Holy Synod must be chosen at least every three years.

The spirit shown by these three men during a two hours' conversation was intelligent and conciliatory. The Senator barely escaped the "holy kiss" on separating—so pleasant was the atmosphere. They were quite agreed that the great need of the Church was training of the clergy, a small percentage of whom have never been accustomed to preach or to teach. They spoke of the great changes that had been effected by the revolution, in the abolition of monasticism, the marriage of bishops, the complete separation of church and state, the partial democratization of the church, the poverty of the church—and it all seemed to be very dramatic that the beginnings of a great church reformation were being related by some of the leaders in the room of an American senator! I thought of Agrippa and Felix and Martin Luther and John Wesley—O, of a lot of striking events in history—and I was certain that the scene was worthy—as a sign of the times—of the brush of a great painter.

What will be America's response to Russia's appeal for the better training of the clergy? And America, is she fit to help a neighbor nation in the higher life? It seemed to me imperative that political and commercial barriers should be broken down, so that the two great peoples might have a free exchange flow of educational and spiritual life. How can one nation help another when, like a hypocrite, unwilling to recognize her?

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jottings

This is simply awful! Judge Gary says that he is opposed to the League of Nations!! If a paper, like a man, is known by the company it keeps, what are we going to do for our salvation?

At last we have found the perfect American! He is the storekeeper, named in a recent publication, who plastered up on his place of business a huge sign reading, "I am a 200 per cent American. I hate everybody."

An old Garibaldian in Italy has recently joined the Fascisti amid loud popular acclaim. He is described as being nearly one hundred years old. A clear case, we should say, of senile dementia!

We heard Dr. Nansen speak on Europe the other day, and the thought came to us—think of what it would mean to Europe if all the existing governments could be suspended, and the affairs of the continent put temporarily into the hands of a dictatorship representing the Nansen order of mind! We would nominate for such dictatorship Dr. Nansen, Gen. Smuts, Sir Gilbert Murray, perhaps Premier Nitti, and men of such type. These men, however, are busy only with protest or relief, while the Poincarés and the Mussolinis determine destiny. What a tragedy!

The population of the United States increased 170 per cent between 1850 and 1890. In this same period, crime increased 445 per cent. The next forty years (1890-1930) promise to show a still more startling disproportion. Just where are we coming out?

Although already widely commented upon, the attitude of Dartmouth College on the free speech issue must be placed on record in these columns. According to announcement in a college paper, "any group within the College has perfect freedom to invite anybody they wish to speak here, and the administration gives the use of the college buildings for the address." The proof of this pudding is shown in the fact that, in November, no less a person than the notorious William Z. Foster spoke at Dartmouth. This sounds like America!

J. H. H.

What the Christian Church Needs to Know About War and Peace

John Ruskin somewhere said, "It is a state of mind very much to be dreaded for a man not to know the devil when he sees him." This state of mind is that of the credulous, well-meaning man who is hoodwinked by the current fallacies about war and peace. The devil of false premises and twisted logic comes appareled like an angel of light and a goddess of liberty. A graduate of Harvard University, of Annapolis, or West Point may know less of how to refute these fallacies than any fourteen-year-old schoolboy who is properly taught. Experts in mathematics, science and languages, history and theology may have little imagination, no knowledge of psychology, may becloud premises by prejudice, and even lack the milk of human kindness. It is therefore often necessary when dealing with such adults to be as simple and explicit on mooted questions as when talking to adolescents.

A graduate of the Harvard Medical School asserted, "War is inevitable, for man is a fighting animal. That is a biologic fact, due to his animal inheritance." The confused thinking which confounds struggle with collective homicide, which assumes that war, like earthquakes, cannot be prevented is one of the most common and dangerous of heresies. Until that fallacy is refuted, no real progress can be made in dealing with international relations. A false philosophy, like a foundation laid in quicksand, prevents any superstructure.

Struggle is the law of life. It is normal, inevitable, wholesome, and it invigorates. We have as little respect for a creature that will not struggle as for a clam or a sponge. Man was ordained to develop by constant struggle against nature and environment. He must everlastingly fight cold, hunger, disease, laziness, dirt, fire, accident, ignorance, sin, poverty, and death. We honor those like Shackleton, Nansen, David Livingstone, Raleigh, Columbus, and a thousand other heroes who have been great adventurers. The folly of confounding their type of struggle with collective homicide—the crushing out of human comrades, perhaps in Mexico, Japan, or Germany—is the most dangerous folly the world has ever known. These comrades should have been shoulder to shoulder with us together fighting the common foe in laboratory, field and forest. So long as this confounding of struggle that is normal with struggle that is abnormal is enshrined in romance and patriotism and religion, and confuses good minds, it will yield hectatombs of corpses.

Unlike sporadic murders, which require no premeditation and will indefinitely continue, modern war follows taxation, invention, training, war games, and long preparation. It has no counterpart in the animal world, for no herd or flock of brutes ever attack another *of their own species,* and individual tigers, lions, snakes, etc., do not kill their own kind, but only other kinds for food. "The biologic law" vanishes as soon as it is stated. But no skeptic is converted by a concise paragraph. The clergy need to devote one sermon a year to hammering home this argument, after a careful study of Dr. George Nasmyth's "Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory." Like the multiplication table, it must be drilled into every mind.

The cave man was not a creature with a club, ready to brain his neighbor. Like the chimpanzee, he lived on nuts and fruits, traveled only as far as he could walk, saw only his own neighbors and combined with them for self-preservation against the huge brutes—the prehistoric monsters. Without private property in land, without for probably fifty thousand years enough power of invention and organization even to equal our Indian warriors, he had nothing in common with Na-

poleon or Hindenburg. War did not make civilization. Struggle made civilization. Invention, greed, and a false philosophy made war, and are preparing more hideous and subtle devices to make more war. Civilization thus far is as abnormal as a hunchback with long legs and a short, deformed body. Physics, chemistry, mechanics, and invention have done their best, but distorted vision and childish conceptions of what constitutes national advantage have set natural law to doing the devil's work. If our generation knew a hundredth part as much about the mechanism of wise government as every boy knows about Buicks and Fords, the world would not be in peril of another war and the safest nation in the world would not demand now for the first time to have as great a navy as any upon earth.

The militarists are proclaiming against law as a substitute for war. Admiral Rodgers declares that "War itself is an integral part of law. War is the agency whereby law is made to prevail when it is disputed by evildoers. The world must be governed under conditions as they exist, by nations with divergent interests which refuse to be reconciled. Armaments are therefore necessary to all, or one armed nation will ride the others." The editor of the *Army and Navy Register* writes of the "practical necessity of national protection that permits jeopardizing the safety of the country by any such avowed object as outlawing war and substituting law for war." The Secretary of War, in an address at West Point, is quoted as saying: "If it were not for the restraining effect of military establishments of the nations of the world, an indescribable state of chaos would result and civilization would be rapidly terminated through self-destruction." Says General J. G. Harbord: "War still remains the supreme act of the state, the school of heroism, and the training-ground for national discipline. Permanent, universal peace remains an ideal, lost in inaccessible distances, until envy, malice, lust, and avarice shall have disappeared from the human heart." An eminent clergyman recently said in Boston: "The instruments of war are the most effective builders of peace; the maintenance of militant forces on land and sea is necessary to safeguard civilization from the rule of the jungle."

These are the types of dangerously confused ideas which are being taught to our future officers and boys in summer camps at an age when they have done no independent thinking, but are forming convictions and look with respect on the pronouncements of "practical men" who wear epaulettes. Loose thinking goes unchallenged. Police functions, that is, the taking of culprits to court with the least exercise of force that is necessary to obtain a judicial decision, are confounded with what goes on between rival nations trying to settle, through their armies, questions of boundary line, or markets, or "honor," by tanks and submarines! Legalized repression within the nation is confounded with what is done between nations in our present state of anarchy, which permits us to be judge, jury, and executioner in our own case. The placid assumption of each nation that the "evildoers" must always be the other nation, that we ourselves can do no wrong, and that "war is the agency by which law is made to prevail," ignores the wars of conquest, of revenge, of spoliation, dynastic and religious wars which have been in defiance of much law and all justice. Such doctrine is as false as anything the devil has concocted to lead good men astray. Even Theodore Roosevelt and Lyman Abbott constantly stumbled over the word "police," and spoke of armies and navies—the tools of rival nations—as "national police" and never asked what army or navy ever took a nation to court, or helped to a judicial decision. They never saw clearly the enormous distinction between police functions, conducted by non-rival bodies, and collective homicide between rival armies.

Granted that there may be collective, repressive force used by all nations against one aggressive nation by means of a small international police, or by universal boycott; but that is the maximum which a sane world will permit. This is not, properly speaking, "war." World court decrees at The Hague, like those of our Supreme Court at Washington, will require no force behind them but that of public opinion.

The fallacy most commonly held by religious minds is that war will not end until human brotherhood is achieved and the Golden Rule prevails. When men are all lovers of the Lord Jesus, then we shall cease concocting liquid fire to be thrown by wireless from aeroplanes, wiping out men, women, and children! Good people's skepticism of our being able to end war in this generation cuts the nerve of hope and action, and relegates permanent peace to some far-off millennium. Dueling, wars between cities, as in ancient days, between provinces, and between states have been ended without any miracle or change of human nature. In this republic, though within each State we have excessive homicide and lawlessness, no State has ever fought against another State. Throughout the British Empire, black, white, and yellow people, speaking 150 languages, and having scores of different religions, are keeping the peace. What can be done over enormous areas of the world can be done by common agreement over the whole world. It is purely a matter of organization to make conditions in the world as safe as they are between the rich and poor sections of our cities. No love is lost between Riverside Drive and the east side. But the taxpayer sees that the east side has fire engines, schools, building-laws, parks, hospitals, courts, police, and a fairly safe condition of living. That is what the Christian Church should demand for the world—and demand it now. No congregation will absorb and digest this idea unless it is elaborated and reiterated with varied illustrations.

The economic causes of wars will still continue for a time, just as the causes of dueling still continue. These, however, can be chiefly removed as soon as such free trade as that between our States, which has been the basis of our prosperity, is extended to nations. There is no economic reason why Illinois should not have the same freedom of trade with Mexico that she has with Mississippi. A customs union over Europe would probably do more to remove friction and promote prosperity than anything else which could be devised, unless it be a collective control of the prime necessities of life—wheat, cotton, rubber, coal, and oil. It is needless to say that sound economics must be taught in all our schools for many years before this is achieved.

Peace and war are by-products. Peace is a product of successful organization. War is a by-product of an unorganized world, of confused thinking, of war preparations. The primary consideration is world justice and world organization to attain it. The most significant thing in the last hundred years has not been the World War, but the new intercommunication wrought

by railroad, telegraph, automobile, telephone, aeroplane, radio, cheap press and postage, and photography. These will abide indefinitely and be marvelously amplified after the devastation, misery, and poverty wrought by war have disappeared. Said Professor Nicolai, author of the "Biology of War," probably the profoundest book ever written since Grotius on war, "The war is only an episode and intercommunication is an epoch."

Glenn Frank, in the *Century*, has pointed out that editors underestimate their readers' intelligence and overestimate their amount of information. The same might be said of clergymen. What the average churchgoer needs is specific information on vital matters which affect conduct and about which he has much misinformation. The war psychology is still rampant. "I have no patience whatever with the Hun. He is squealing and whining and refusing to pay his just debts," is a common verdict with the ill-informed and many a clergyman himself says, "The invasion of the Ruhr may not be ideal, but it is an inevitable attempt to rectify colossal evil." It requires energy and courage for the average clergyman to find and tell the truth about the matter without being scorned as being "pro-German." The judicial attitude that tries "to be just, even to those to whom we do not want to be just," is not common even among the followers of Jesus. All the more reason for the pastor to tell unwelcome truths. Let him cite Hosea and Amos, whose Hebrew politics have become part of our religion, if the deacons acuse him of "talking politics." Party politics of course must be absolutely avoided, but questions involving international duty should not be side-tracked as unfitted for the pulpit, or at least for discussion at midweek meetings. Bishop Brent utters a message from the Most High when he proclaims that international questions are just as much our concern as national questions. We are first of all human beings, citizens of the world, children of God.

To indulge in mere pious generalities about righteousness and justice, and to leave the listener uninformed as to facts which one needs to know in order to achieve righteousness and justice, is a common but cowardly pastoral method of giving no offense and sliding out of moral responsibility. This is in keeping with the policy of the church in every land which rendered it helpless to prevent war. Take this tragic question of reparations, which has prevented the rehabilitation of Europe for five years. Churchgoers, like other people, have short memories. They should be reminded that when Germany pledged herself to pay, she signed a blank check at the point of the bayonet at Versailles in 1919 to avoid an invasion of Germany. She had surrendered on the ground of the fourteen points, which were largely ignored in the vindictive Versailles treaty. Not until long after a post-war boycott had starved her people when they were helpless was she told what the reparations commission had dictated. This, according to Pierrepont Noyes,[1] equaled 74 per cent of her total valuation. The absurdity of this was soon apparent and the amount was cut down to 43 per cent, or about thirty-three billion dollars, gold. Americans are demanding that Germany shall "stop shirking and promptly pay as France did in 1871." They need to be informed, as the Institute of Economics has just shown in its nearly 400-page report,[2] "Germany's Capacity to Pay," that though France adjusted her debt quickly by various forms of loans and transferences, it was not the supposed thrift of the French people which wiped out the indemnity. It is still a burden on French finances and the interest on it at three per cent is now 165,000,000 francs a year. The whole debt was only about four percent of France's total valuation.

The chief thing for the world to understand is the philosophy of reparations. Much bitterness, unjust criticism, and dangerous delay in the rehabilitation of Europe and our taking our proper share of responsibility would be prevented were there clear ideas on this subject. At the time of writing, in early September, 1923, probably one-half of the American people sustain Poincaré in saying, "Germany must pay, or we stay." Our ignorance and neutrality prolong the impasse between Great Britain and France.

The report of the Institute of Economics says that "Germany cannot feed more than 60 per cent of her people unless she can continue and pay for her present imports of foodstuffs; about one sixth of her agricultural lands were taken from her at the close of the war. Food and raw materials must be a first charge on foreign money obtained for the sales of exports; only the money left over after these are paid can be devoted to reparations. The Allies cannot eat their cake and have it too. They cannot collect anything from Germany so long as they refuse to let Germany earn by foreign trade money acceptable to them. . . . The total production of gold in the world since the discovery of America is little more than half the sum which Germany is obligated to pay." Germany's present supply of gold would pay reparations for only six months.

Foreign debts cannot be paid on the same basis as domestic debts. Germany has been harshly criticized for building canals, factories, etc., as if this diverted money from reparations. But she used home materials, paid *in paper money* and none of this product could be exported. *Exports alone can pay for reparations. And they must exceed imports.* These exports must chiefly be created from imported raw materials.

Germany offered to supply material and labor for rebuilding the devastated districts, but the builders and workmen of France wanted the jobs and their protest led to the decline of this offer. It is often assumed that Germany has paid nothing. The Institute of Economics reports that she has surrendered between six and seven billion dollars' worth of property. The Allies by no means credit her with all this for reparations. Germany made contracts, payable in gold, payable in other legal tender after August, 1914. This, apparently, is why she was able to wipe out her internal debt with a rapidly depreciating currency—a virtual colossal taxation of her citizens. It was necessary for her to begin inflation in order to pay the early installments of reparations. She has not known how to stop, as her purchases of foreign currency could continue only as long as foreigners had confidence in her mark. Germany has lost all credit, and without a moratorium faces a collapse. The final conclusion of the exhaustive investigations of the Institute of Economics is that

> It is utterly impossible for any one to know whether, in view of all the conditions that exist and will continue to exist, Germany will be able to develop any export surplus. It depends

[1] Formerly American member of the Inter-Allied Commission of the Rhineland and President of the Interallied Coal Commission.

[2] McGraw-Hill Book Co., 370 Seventh Ave., New York.

on wholly indeterminate factors. The Germans themselves do not know a particle more about the possibility than anyone else. Hence the promise to pay any definite sum per year that may under military compulsion be extracted from the German government would be not a whit more than the "agreement" reached in London in May, 1921. No threat or compulsion, no promise, no guarantee of any kind whatsoever will insure payment of any definite sum. If the Allies hope to get paid, there is only one policy to follow, namely, to facilitate the recovery of German import and export trade, and then to require the delivery of whatever excess of exports may be developed. . . . The process of compelling Germany to pay, when she has no international credit balance available for the purpose, is analogous to forcing complete liquidation upon a temporarily insolvent debtor. A little more juice may be squeezed out by the process and then the end.

Closely connected with the psychology of the American people and the concrete financial problems facing Europe is the new information which is slowly percolating through the press regarding the "sole responsibility" of Germany for creating the war. The Kautsky, Gooss and Siebert documents which have been brought to light, the studies of Professor Fay of Smith College, and especially of E. D. Morel, M.P., show conclusively that Russia, as well as Austria and Germany, was immediately responsible for the war and that, more remotely, Great Britain and France created conditions which promoted unrest and war. We are gradually learning the truth uttered by Lloyd George in December, 1920, "The more one reads memoirs and books written in the various countries of what happened before August 1, 1914, the more one realizes that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war. It was something into which they glided, or rather staggered and stumbled." Doubtless a little group of Germans, including professors and editors as well as military men, were largely responsible; but one must study carefully the available documents before wholesale condemnation of Germany as the "sole" sinner. Justice regarding this matter does not exculpate her from atrocities committed or lessen her obligation to repay wanton destruction to the limit possible.

A little time taken from the study of concordances and church fathers to learn the facts needed for their congregations in order to do justice and love mercy would serve the pastors who are practically working as well as praying for Christ's kingdom to come on earth. If every community could once a fortnight turn its midweek meeting into a study of history and economics and if this were led by Christian preachers who would take time for research[3] there would less bitterness and confusion of thought in the pews.

"Organize the world" should be the slogan of civilization. Said one of the winners of the Nobel Peace Prize: "Peace, according to pacifism, means a condition of organized living together among nations." Pacifism simply means peace-making and a pacifist is a peacemaker, not peace talker, or dreamer. Jesus said such were blessed. The word "pacifist" has been caricatured, derided, and so misunderstood that many conceive it to apply only to the flabby and cowardly who would not risk their skin to defend their country. There are as many types of pacifists as there are of Christians. The latter include persons of faiths varying from that of Unitarians to that of Roman Catholics. A very few pacifists are unstatesmanlike extremists who injure their own cause by demanding our absolute disarmament at once and ask Congress for an amendment to the Constitution to remove every word that authorizes armaments. The great majority of peacemakers are not extremists; they know that all progress is made by steps and are busy advocating the logical, progressive steps toward outlawry of war and the extension to nations of that system of courts and police force which has achieved order and justice between individuals, between cities, between our forty-eight States, between all parts of empires and nations, and which, in the League of Nations, is beginning to be applied to the whole world. . . .

Methodist Review. —*Lucia Ames Mead.*

[3] See article on "They All Lied" in the *Nation*, Oct. 11, 1922; "New Light on the Origins of the War," *American Historical Review*, 1920-1921; "The Poison That Destroys," price 2d; "Military Preparations for the Great War," price 6d, the first, published by The Independent Labor Party, 8, Johnson Court, Fleet St., London, the second by The Labour Publishing Co., 38 Great Ormond St., London; and "The Secret History of a Great Betrayal," published by *Foreign Affairs*, Orchard House, Great Smith St., London, S. W., price 1s. All of these three are by E. D. Morel, M.P., who won Winston Churchill's seat, an expert investigator, and giving chapter and verse for all his statements.

The Japanese Earthquake

Experience of our Correspondent, Mrs. Apcar.

Your letter of Sept. 26th reached me two or three days ago; it was kind of you to remember me. Yes! I have survived the disaster of Sept. 1st and I am thankful so have all the members of my family: when I think of what has happened to so many of our friends I am thankful indeed. The loss of life in Yokohama is estimated at 200,000. The foreigners in Tokyo and Yokohama numbered I believe about four thousand and of these at least about five hundred were killed either by the collapse of houses or burned alive; this is one of the reasons why the percentage of maimed and wounded has been small because all those who were not able to extricate themselves from under the debris of the houses or were not helped out, were burned alive in the fires that followed the earthquake. In the space of thirty seconds our house was shaken to its foundations and collapsed, and I, with two members of our family, went under the debris but we excavated ourselves; it was a curious feeling to be buried alive and then to struggle out as it were from the jaws of death. The Bluff, which used to be the residential quarter of the foreigners, was torn into large gaps and fissures of the earth, and in the business quarters of the town the houses fell from both sides into the streets; then the city burned from end to end and nothing could stop the fires which sprang up from a thousand places as a strong wind kept raging and aggravating the flames; hundreds, and thousands, of people had to rush into the sea to save themselve from burning.

The water and lighting systems broke; thus the achievements of our modern civilization went under before a terrific visitation of Nature; and more trying to the nerves than the big shock were the continual quakes that followed at an interval of a few minutes, so many as seven hundred shocks being recorded in a week.

The next day we traversed a new Yokohama in place of the old one that we knew. The familiar houses with their trim gardens and the roads of the Bluff, the streets in the town with their blocks of buildings

were now all swallowed in a desert of stone, sand, broken and charred masonry; there was no water and no food and no resting place for our tired bodies.

As I surveyed the desolate scene I recalled the stories of the Mesopotamian desert: we were fleeing from our desert to the foreign ships in the harbor where we expected to receive kindness and succor (as indeed we did), but the Christians of Armenia and Asia Minor were driven to such deserts by the Turkish robbers of their countries to die lingering deaths of torture from hunger, thirst and exposure to the elements. I had photographs (lost to me now) of those naked, emaciated bodies, living skeletons lying on the stones and sand of the desert. Although I had worked with my pen and my tongue in their cause for fourteen years, and acquainted myself with all the injustices and cruelties of which they had been the victims, yet I had not realized their hideous fate as I did when I myself stood homeless, without food and without water, and without decent clothes, in a desert. I remembered also how at Lausanne the representatives of Christendom had, figuratively speaking, gone down on their knees and kissed the crime gangrened feet of the same Turks, the perpetrators of such frightful atrocities.

Previous to the earthquake I was given to saying, "We are not sure of anything in this world: we are not sure of the earth on which we stand!" I spoke it glibly then, an idea which my mind had grasped, but now my heart has grasped the idea, and I know as I did not know before that we are not sure of anything in this world, not even of the earth on which we stand.

"Pray ye that your flight be not in winter," these words kept recurring to my mind and I was thankful that our flight was not in winter.

But the Kobe Foreigners Relief Committee had despatched food and drinking water for the relief of the foreigners of stricken Yokohama and we received great kindness in the foreign ships. I boarded three of them, one after another until I was landed at Kobe. The American destroyers rendered appreciable assistance to the foreigners marooned in different places; some members of our family after having been on the march over broken mountain roads and bridges for three days were picked up at Kamakuru by an American destroyer and brought to Yokohama harbor where they boarded one of the foreign ships for Kobe.

Yokohama, our homes, our circle of friends, our erstwhile interests have become things of the past, and we, the former residents of that flourishing city, are now scattered like sheep without a shepherd.

In my flight from Yokohama I have settled at Shioya, a sea-side village at the entrance to the Inland Sea, accessible by half an hour by rail from the port of Kobe. We live in a Japanese house facing the sea; call it a match box or a doll's house, it is nevertheless artistic and pretty inside; and outside, the air is balmy and the sunshine glorious. As I am writing now the sea is blue and picturesque white-sailed boats glide over it; there are gentle ripples on the water which catch the sunshine in golden glints that sparkle and glitter. The sky is blue and in the near distance the hills enshrouded in a white haze are topped by fleecy white clouds. It is all peaceful and the soul is rested as the eyes linger on an idyllic scene; but between our house and the beach are train tracks and every five or ten minutes a snorting, puffing, shrieking engine to which is attached a long row of rattling carriages goes raging along, destroying the restfulness soothing to mind, heart and nerves. I feel it is emblematic of our modern civilization. . . .

Well! this world is only a bridge over which we are all passing to our final destination, and for the most part it is a bridge of sighs; but the pity of it is that on this bridge, always Right is put on the scaffold and Wrong on the throne. Well! perhaps since it is only a bridge it does not much matter for the wrongdoers get pushed off even as the wronged.

You must excuse this scrawl for I am so tired. For about seven years I worked for the Christian refugees of the Near East passing through Japan, I sorrowed and sympathized with them, but I did not know what it was to be a refugee as I know now. I remember Dr. Wilfred Post, who was imprisoned for five months in a Turkish prison during the war, telling me that now he knew the sorrows of the Armenians.

I had just begun writing a new book dealing with the five years of the Armistice, what the five years have meant for the Armenians and the Greeks of Asia Minor: broken promises, betrayals, crucifixion and forced dispersion from their lawful countries. I had already written the first chapter of "This Christianity," and the other chapters would have been compiled from notes; the Chester Concession and its promoters would have been fully dealt with; and now all is lost with so much else that I have lost. I think, however, that God is, and perhaps some day the horror of the Turkish hell in our country and in the country of the Greeks will be no more.

The most horrible thing of the Japan earthquake has been the Korean massacres; all of the foreigners (with the exception of a few paid scribes or business interest persons) are shocked: these poor people were hunted through the length and breadth of the devastated areas, their only crime being that the Japanese have obtained possession of Korea and that they are a subject people. It has been far worse than the Amritsar massacre, because the people joined in the man hunt and it was not a purely military or governmental outrage; in fact I believe the higher authorities have not sanctioned such a horrible thing at all, but it is the people who did it, of course certain officials joined.

Shioya, Japan. DIANA AGABEG APCAR.

THE TRAGEDY.

This is the tragedy of all the years:
  Not the world's wickedness, the low and vile;
  That were too obvious; a little while
It flares and ravages, then disappears.
Its victims know it, and, with blistering tears,
  Confess their madness. But there is a guile
  Of prosperous goodness that with charm and smile
Undoes us ever, nor awakes our fears.

Hell hath no service, no recruiting place
Like easy virtues self-complacent face.
  Men serve the devil more by doing good
  Than ever by their common faults they could.
    In every age it is the nice who cry,
    "Away with Him!" and the Christ crucify.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

THE STUDY TABLE

New Books

At present a considerable interest is shown in Chinese poems and a number of writers have recently made the attempt to introduce them to the English-reading public. Ezra Pound, Arthur Waley, Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell have been active in this direction. Unlike the older workers, these have all thrown their translations into free-verse, suited to the taste of present-day readers. Inasmuch as form was of prime importance in the original, it is doubtful whether this is entirely wise. None of the four has status as Sinologue, and a reasonable doubt is warranted as to the reliability of their translations. When actual Chinese scholars, like Dr. Edkins, make glaring blunders, what can be expected of amateurs? All of these writers present some poems by Li-po, although Mr. Waley does it grudgingly and with the statement that he does not regard the poet as highly as some do. Mr. Obata, who here[1] presents one hundred and thirty-two poems, says that his attempt "is the first ever made to deal with any single Chinese poet exclusively in one book for the purpose of introducing him to the English-speaking world." There is no kinship between the Chinese and Japanese languages, but all Japanese, in order to read their own language, must learn thousands of Chinese characters and until lately Middle School boys all studied Chinese literature. There is then more likelihood that a Japanese will adequately render Chinese poetry into English, than that an American or Englishman will do so. The matter depends, of course, upon the competence of the Japanese translator in English. Competence Mr. Obata has, and his work is genuinely scholarly and highly interesting. It is the best book we have on Chinese poetry. In addition to his translations, Mr. Obata gives an historical introduction, biographical notes, and a bibliography. Under the latter he gives references to all previous English translations of the poems which occur in his book, thus making comparison easy. Li-po lived in one of the most splendid periods of Chinese history. He spent the more public part of his life in the capital, Chang-an, which in the eighth century was a magnificent and cosmopolitan city. He died in 762 and was, perhaps, born in 701 A. D. He had a checkered career, but found court life irksome and loved the country. Like many poets, ancient and modern, he loved the cup and a number of his poems are in praise of wine and sing of the joys of convivial companionship. In fact he was one of "the Eight Immortals of the Wine Cup." As a poet he was highly esteemed during his life-time and has been extravagantly praised through the succeeding centuries. Of him it has been said:

> He is the lofty peak of Tai towering above ten thousand mountains and hills; he is the sun in whose presence a million stars of heaven lose their scintillating splendor.

Space does not permit adequate quotation. Some of the best and most admired poems are rather long; we must confine ourselves to giving two or three shorter ones, which are however characteristic.

One drinking song consists of two parts: we give the first:

> With a jar of wine I sit by the flowering trees.
> I drink alone, and where are my friends?
> Ah, the moon above looks down on me;
> I call and lift my cup to his brightness.
> And see, there goes my shadow before me.
> Hoo! We're a party of three, I say,—
> Though the poor moon can't drink,
> And my shadow but dances around me,
> We're all friends tonight,
> The drinker, the moon and the shadow.
> Let our revelry be meet for the spring time!

Many of his poems are allegorical. The following is said to be so—a fable of his own life:

> Swallows, two by two,—always two by two.
> A pair of swallows are an envy for man.
> Such a pair lived together once in a jewel palace-tower.
> Long they lived together by the gilded window with silken curtains.
>
> Then fire swept the royal tower.
> The swallows entered the Palace of Wu and made their nest.
> But once more fire burned the palace down.
> Burned away the swallow nest and all the younglings.
> Only did the mother bird escape death; she is worn with grief.
> Poor lonely swallow, she longs for her mate that is dead.
> Never again, can the two fly together.
> And that pierces my little heart with sadness.

The last of our selections refers to the dream of a Taoist philosopher, who died about 320 B. C. His writings deserve to be generally known:

> Chuang Chou in dream became a butterfly,
> And the butterfly became Chuang Chou at waiting.
> Which was the real—the butterfly or the man?
> Who can tell the end of the endless changes of things?
> The water that flows into the depth of the distant sea
> Returns anon to the shallows of a transparent stream.
> The man raising melons outside the green gate of the city,
> Was once the Prince of the East Hill.
> So must rank and riches vanish.
> You know it, still you toil and toil—for what?

The publishers announce "Trust a Boy" as a "juvenile" and as a "new book for boys."[2] It is all right to do so, but we lose our guess, if the book is not read by grownups with as much interest as by boys. It is the most careful delineation of boy-life we have seen for a long time. The scene of the story is Salt Lake, the Salt Lake of earlier days. The actors are four boys, as different as four boys can be, but held together by such bonds as are never formed after boyhood. They are *real* boys, and retain their individuality throughout the story. The tale is one of boats and water, of adventure, and excitement. It is a story of man-hunting, and as Sheriff Apple said: "the man-hunting game is the most dangerous sport in the whole world." The hunt was not of their choice, but once in it, the boys played their parts well. The story has all the semblance of an actual happening. "It is all set down here for the first time, because its telling by word of mouth has interested other boys, and grown-ups as well, and because its printing has been demanded by two troops of Boy Scouts, whose words should be law." Mr. Nichols has told an interesting story in a fascinating way.

FREDERICK STARR.

[1] "The Works of Li-po the Chinese Poet," done into English. Shigeyoshi Obata. New York: 1922. E. P. Dutton and Co. 16mo; pp. xviii, 236.

[2] "Trust a Boy." Walter H. Nichols. New York: 1923. The Macmillan Co. 16mo; pp. xi, 383.

"Gandhi, the Apostle"*

Courage, idealism, devotion:—these are the outstanding qualities of the young Indians who have recently come to America to proclaim their gospel of peace and good will. Theirs is an adventure of the spirit, a real adventure, for they come to our shores without assurance of support and without an organization to guarantee them even a night's lodging. They have faith that their message will stir our heathen and benighted folk to love and fellowship.

And such faith is not without works, both among the Indian apostles and the Americans groping in darkness. At least such has been the case of Haridas Muzumdar, who recently came to the United States with soul aflame. Single handed, he has organized the "Universal Publishing Company" of Chicago, whose purpose is to interpret the East to the West. And as the first venture in this undertaking he himself has written the introductory volume, "Gandhi, the Apostle."

The book is more than a life of Gandhi. The first half of the volume deals with the cultural backgrounds of historic India, dealing briefly with the great native religious systems such as Hinduism and Buddhism, and with the most important foreign influences such as Christianity and Islam. It also presents a summary of India's contributions to art and social life. For those who do not have time to go into the history of India in detail, this introduction serves as an excellent summary. It is written with evident sympathy and love, and with a good sense of proportion. As one would expect, the native culture is extolled, but both Mahommedanism and Christianity are appreciatively treated. Mr. Muzumdar is evidently an eclectic—broad, tolerant and universal.

The latter half of the volume tells the story of Mahatma Gandhi and his great movement both in Africa and in India—a movement which has recently been called by Romain Rolland the greatest religious event since the time of Jesus. Gandhi is here set forth both as an individual, as an embodiment of the soul of India, and as one of the outstanding figures in the world today.

The book is one of the most complete yet issued on this subject which is of growing importance. Every person who is interested in the biography of great men, in the culture of India, in the problem of world peace, and in the technique of non-violent non-co-operation should know Gandhi. Mr. Muzumdar's account is one of the fullest and most comprehensive yet written.

C. R. S.

*"Gandhi, the Apostle," by Haridas T. Muzumdar. The Universal Publishing Co., Chicago.

CORRESPONDENCE

LIBERAL CHURCHES NEED SOCIALLY MINDED MINISTERS

Editor of UNITY:

All liberal and radical movements have enough to carry without accepting responsibility for charges that have no foundation in fact. Mr. Heeb's accusation in a recent issue of UNITY that liberal churches, and Unitarian churches in particular, will not retain the services of ministers whose social views are out of harmony with the opinions of the majority, is a charge having no foundation in fact. Perhaps my opinion on this matter will weigh more if I first recite the fact that I hold no brief for any denomination as such. In addition to my status as a Unitarian minister (in which fellowship I hold the chairmanship of the general fellowship committee) I am a member of the Board of Directors of a Rationalist Society; and I always interpret religion in homo-centric terms. From this non-sectarian vantage ground, let me state categorically that no minister was ever read out of the Unitarian movement or even made to feel that he was not wanted in it because of his convictions or the expression of his convictions on any subject whatever. Some few ministers, for example John Haynes Holmes, have left the Unitarian fellowship because they believed they saw a better way, and always they have carried with them the hearty good wishes and sincere friendship of the majority of their fellow ministers. Others have gone out because they found business or social service more to their liking. But the most conspicuous group of those who have gone out is composed of persons whose incompetency in dealing with intricate human relationships has gradually forced them into the discard. Persons in this last group usually find it convenient to play the martyr instead of courageously facing their own incompetency and trying to remedy it. And sometimes these same fellows are extraordinarily rigid in their demands of their co-workers. For example, one of these fellows (who is well known to Mr. Heeb) in his second letter to me some four and a half years ago (his first letter having received a favorable reply) enclosed and commented on a lengthy clipping from a letter he had just received from his own sister criticizing one of the ministers in the middle west for smoking. Equipped with a sense of the fitness of things and an appreciation of the common proprieties, a competent minister will be heard gladly in a liberal or Unitarian pulpit on any subject on which he has convictions and in behalf of which he has marshalled the evidence.

Mr. Holmes withdrew from the Unitarian ministry because he believed he saw a better way. He was and is a prominent speaker at Unitarian gatherings, frequently occupying Unitarian pulpits. His church still retains its membership in the American Unitarian Association. If the following sentence is incorrect Holmes will no doubt correct it: John Haynes Holmes was never made to feel, nor did he feel, that his social idealism was interfered with by his Unitarian connection, except to the extent that any denomination by its very nature carries with it certain limiting characteristics. I press this point, for there has been much misunderstanding in regard to it. Holmes followed what he regarded as a better way, without any denominational pressure whatever. I once asked him if he was ousted from the Unitarian fellowship, and with the most characteristic laugh he instantly replied, "No, indeed; if they had tried to oust me I would be with them yet."

One would hardly class as socially conservative John Dietrich of the Unitarian Church in Minneapolis, Frank Adams of the Universalist Church in Detroit, and Percival Chubb of the Ethical Society in St. Louis. Yet these men are singularly successful in their ministry. Men of their type are in great demand for liberal pulpits. The most successful men I know in the liberal pulpits in America are those ministers whose liberal thinking carries over into the field of radical social aspirations.

It would be a pity if a few men who have become embittered because of their own unfortunate experience, should give to socially awakened young men the notion that there is no place for them in the liberal ministry. Socially awakened young men who know their evidence, who are thoroughly convinced of the worth of their goals, and who know how to deal with intricate human situations, are exactly the kind of ministers we need and want for our liberal churches.

Chicago. CURTIS W. REESE.

"CHINA AND THE BANDIT OUTRAGE"

Editor of UNITY:

In reading UNITY, I am greatly interested and influenced by the sympathy with high ideals which UNITY stands for. For though the task you undertake is by no means an easy one, yet with energy and patience you are sure to succeed. Even if you fail, the failure will be still glorious. In the October 11th Number I read Mr. R. B. Whitaker's article entitled "China and the Bandit Outrage" with pleasure, though, I still think, he has not stated the causes clearly. I think probably you are not interested in the solution of the problem only, but also its real situation and cause. I, as a Chinese student, can, perhaps, show a little clearer the scenes behind the mists so that those who are interested in watching this outrage may get a closer view. If you can find in my article something which you think worthwhile to present to the readers, I shall be greatly

honored though my English itself may spoil the whole style of UNITY.

Yours respectfully,

C. H. CHU,
University of Wisconsin.

AN EXPLANATION OF CHINESE BANDITRY.

During the last few months, I have been quite often embarrassed by American people both strangers and friends who always like to ask or talk about the banditry in China. They all seem to be interested in this question but not many know or are disposed to know the real situation. The majority of them imagine that the whole country is a swarm of bandits; some even predict another Boxer uprising in China; not a few suggest most affirmatively that the cause is and must be the lack of education and Christianity on the part of the people as a whole. One or two of keener sense or of susceptibility to political intrigues venture to question whether there might not be some foreign secret agency or scheme behind the curtain. These interpretations are simply common ignorant guesses without any insight or investigation; so I, as a Chinese student, and an observer, at the same time, had better take this opportunity to present this case in a little clearer light.

To give an explanation, I shall, for convenience sake, attack this question from its four corners.

1. The spherical misapprehension.
2. The fundamental cause.
3. The minor and miscellaneous causes.
4. A warrant against another Boxer uprising.

Owing to the shortness of our sight and imaginative power we often mistake a fire-cracker for thunder and a bird for an aeroplane. When a slight earth-quake is reported beyond the sea, we think that the other half of the world is shaken. The interior of China alone occupies almost as large an area as the United States of America. Railroads have been built along the coast only. The King-Pu line, though the second longest, extends not more than six hundred miles, comparable to the length of Texas here. On this line Lincheng, where the plundering took place, is a little spot representing a station. A band of armed highwaymen are enough to stop the train and rob the passengers. Though newspapers reported some other places where bandits appeared and still appear, at most, we can calculate only a few thousand, let us say, scattered over the mountainous and isolated districts. Their numbers put together are smaller than a mob of unemployed workers in time of a strike. When the public in this country were agitated by the report of the plunder, my home state, two hundred miles from Lincheng did not publish a word about the occurrence. Whether the reporters there knew nothing of the trouble, or they thought it unimportant, I can not tell. Anyway the newspaper reporters here with their magnifying power and coloring art can stir up the mind of the public. How could your readers help thinking otherwise when it is reported as so astonishing an event.

As to the fundamental cause of the occurrence, it is economic. It is pitiful and painful to relate. Only twenty years ago China with her own hand machinery was even more than a self-sufficing country. Besides feeding her own people, she prepared tea and wove silk for the world. But now, what a change has taken place! Even in a small village store you can find but foreign manufactured goods and articles. Even a pin is marked Japanese or German; a match is called in Chinese words "foreign fire." You may say that the Chinese have lagged behind in civilization, but the reason is not that we can not manufacture these things but that foreign things are cheap. Formerly each worker had pride in his workmanship, and every customer got well-made goods made by skilled workers. But now it is different. From my very childhood, I used to hear my grandmother's complaint, taking out her old things and comparing them with the new things, "What a degradation these new things are!" It is nature's law that when a new sprout buds out, old leaves wither away. At present, even the natives manufacture cheap stuff because they are obliged to. Even then they can not compete with the foreigners. According to the evolutionary processes, the wind mill gives way to the power mill, small enterprises are swallowed up by a company or corporation. When a corporation is run by foreigners, native workers are automatically put out of business. One tenth of the Chinese population now is without occupation. Farms are the only place open to them; back they go. The more frugally and economically they live, the more they find their means shrinking. To compare the standard of living between America and China, now, one tenth of the Chinese population is below the subsistence line. If, then, famine comes down from heaven and disasters come caused by civil war, what would American citizens do if they were put in the same position?

Next concerning education, perhaps the people are not deep in the philosophy or ethics of Confucius; they may have never heard of Christ. But yet to say that they lack education and morality reveals ignorance. Moreover, morality and education can not be superimposed as we generally think they can. The highest morality and education must be genuine; we may say they shine in the time of crisis while the person who has them is himself unconscious of possessing them. My great-grandfather used to tell me a story about a famine which occurred during the later part of his life. He was fortunate in being considered a rich farmer at that time because he had a large granary full of grain. Naturally he had to take the responsibility to feed the poor. When the next year came without any crops, everybody was prepared for his fate. Seeing that the rich had done all they could, many helpless families bade each other farewell, mixed poison in their last gruel supper, went to their bed and never saw the dawn again. Afterwards the whole village erected a stone monument for my great-grandfather, but he always related the story with deep regret that he did not die with them. In the interior rural districts, such spirit still prevails. I would consider this as the true and the highest type of education and virtue.

Now if you ask why these one thousand bandits do not poison themselves to death instead of robbing others, I would answer thus: They, as people along the coast, are in some way educated by the influence of western ideas. Many of them can not read but none of them is blind. At least they can observe where the current is turning. The foreign educated officials (most of the officials are returned students if not from Europe or America, they are from Japan) are after money. They squeeze and rob peasants—the bandits included. So the bandits think that it would be all right if they could do the same, especially when they are driven by hunger. They can not get hold of the officials easily but since the officials are most afraid of foreigners, the best and quickest way to get money is to hold up some foreigners. Even if the foreigners, at hand, happen to be poor, they will surely give a big sum of ransom because they, in turn, can demand a huge sum from the Chinese government after they are set free. Though the indemnity may still be the people's own blood, why should the bandits look so far ahead especially when their wives and children are starving? If the bandits were educated so far as to know that the real cause of their poverty is the present foreign exploitation, political as well as industrial, probably they would think of some other way to treat foreigners instead of simply asking for a ransom which eventually will be paid with compound interest by their own fellow countrymen.

The only excuse for modern industrial and political exploitation is to say that the exploited are stupid. Though stupid the Chinese may be, they learn by example. They have not yet the skill and power to learn the so-called civilized way to exploit; so they have to take up the only crude form left for them, banditry. I read a newspaper report of their setting women free and hurting no children. I consider their education and morality much higher than that of the western Christian factories, which, having taken advantage of the Chinese government and people, doubled their capital twice a year by using cheap women and child-labor.

As to the minor causes, some reporters say that Japan secretly aids the bandits in Shantung to show that the withdrawal of her troops from Shantung is dangerous both to Chinese government and foreigners. Another authentic report says that most of the bandits got their fire arms and ammunition from foreigners as those things are strictly prohibited by the government. (The government does not disband soldiers with arms.) Even some of the churches where the native police dares not investigate, take opportunity to make money through buying and selling fire arms to and from the bandits. Of course if the bandits were left to their own means, probably they would have to use swords or bows and arrows which can, by no means, hold up a train. So even the minor causes are not entirely free from foreign influence or infection.

Regarding the fear of another Boxer uprising, I can assure you that it has no foundation. The cause of the Boxer uprising was the foolishness of churches at that time, in finding that they could in no way get hold of the common people, hence tried to patronize outlaws and even villains. With the power of the churches, the villains could rob and torture the good people; consequently the maddened people through reaction killed many of the native church-followers and foreign priests among them. Now the situation is quite different from then; churches get hold more good people and common people understand more about church principles; so I can assure you that the repetition of such a distaster is very unlikely.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

AN APPEAL FROM RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The news has reached us of W. W. Pearson's death through an accident which happened while he was travelling in Italy on the eve of his departure for India. He is not known to the wide public, but we feel sure that his loss is not merely a loss to the individuals who came into intimate touch with him. We seldom met with anyone whose love of humanity was so concretely real, whose ideal of service so assimilated to his personality as it had been with him. The gift of friendliness which he was ever ready to bestow upon the obscure, upon those who had nothing to attract the attention of their neighbors was spontaneous in its generosity, completely free from all tinge of conscious or unconscious egotism enjoying the luxury of the satisfied pride of goodness. The constant help which he rendered to those who were in need of it could have no reward in public recognition, it was as simple and silent as the daily fulfilling of his own personal requirements. His patriotism was for the world of Man; he intimately suffered for all injustice or cruelty inflicted upon any people in any part of the earth, and in his chivalrous attempt to befriend them he bravely courted punishment from his own countrymen. He had accepted Santiniketan Asram for his home where he felt he could realize his desire to serve the cause of humanity and express his love for India which was deeply genuine in his nature, all his aspirations of life centering round her.

I know he has numerous friends in this country and outside India who admire the noble unselfishness of heart which he possessed and who mourn his loss. I feel sure they will appreciate our idea of setting up some permanent memorial in his name in our Asram which was so dear to him. He had a great desire to see the hospital in connection with our institution rebuilt and equipped in an adequate manner for which he was working and contributing money whenever possible. I believe if we can carry out this wish of his and construct a hospital building and a special ward for children attached to it, it will be the best form of perpetuating his memory reminding us of his sympathy for those who suffer. With this object in our mind we send our appeal to his friends and admirers in India and in other countries hoping to meet with a generous response.

(Signed) RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The cost of erecting a fully equipped hospital is estimated at Rs. 25,000/—. Contributions may be sent to The Treasurer, Visva-bharati, Santiniketan P. O. Cheques and postal orders should be crossed on the Imperial Bank of India (Calcutta Branch) and endorsed Hospital Fund. Receipts duly signed by the Secretary will be sent to the contributors.

(Signed) J. N. ROY,
Local Secretary.

A MIRACLE!

[We print the story below exactly as it was clipped from a recent issue of the Boston *Herald*, which deserves great credit for giving it front-page space. It seems to us to be one of the most amazing, as it is surely one of the most impressive, things that has ever come to our attention. We congratulate the Manchester Post of the American Legion for its wisdom, vision and courage. This is the sort of thing that will end war!—EDITORS.]

A tablet depicting the skeleton of a soldier caught in barbed wire entanglements will be the dominating feature of a war memorial of unusual character being built in Manchester, Mass., by the Frank B. Amaral Post, No. 113, American Legion. The post intends to create a memorial which will represent the truth about war in its most terrible and ghastly aspect and induce the public to "rebel against the horror of war."

The monument, which will be erected on Legion Memorial lot, will be completed by Christmas. The tablet of the skeleton will be of bronze, fastened on the reverse side of a rough, pink, granite block, and will bear the designation, "Night." On the front of the stone will be another bronze, entitled "Dawn." The designs for both tablets are by Anna Coleman Ladd of Boston.

In conclusion I do not blame the newspaper reporters for their painted scenes and colored causes, because they have their interest in mind. Neither do I blame those who have concerns there or relatives being held up there; they are biased or carried away by emotions. I only call attention of the disinterested readers who have neither money to lose nor relatives to suffer; what they are after is but the truth of the real situation and cause. Why should they be cheated by the common ignorance?

WILL GANDHI DIE IN PRISON?

Editor of UNITY:

I have received letters from India telling me that Mahatma Gandhi is far from well. He weighs now less than 100 pounds, and, although he is cheerful, long confinement has affected his health seriously. It is desirable that some effort be made by those who admire Mahatma Gandhi and his teachings of non-violence, to urge the British Government to release him as soon as possible.

There is no reason to believe that the British Government will release him unless international public opinion is mobilized to force the issue. The British public opinion is not much concerned about Gandhi. British statesmen think that as long as they can have good relations with Turkey by making concession to the Turks and thus keeping the Mohammedan world contented, British rule in India is safe. The British Government prefers the sword of Kemal Pasha to the invincible arms of Gandhi—the power of folded arms and dependence upon spiritual power of Non-co-operation—so Gandhi rots in jail and none among the British statesmen pay any attention.

The Christian world seems dead so far as its spiritual power is concerned, because it seeks to solve world evils by mechanical means of organization and does not pay any attention to the fact that he who, according to Mr. Sherwood Eddy (of International Y. M. C. A.), has demonstrated the life of nearest approach to that of Christ is now rotting in jail, without any effective protest from the Christian world. It is a credit to the Indian Christians that they asked for Gandhi's release. May I not ask the Christians who see the hope of the world in the assertion of the Christ Spirit to write a letter to the Great Christian King, the King of England and Emperor of India, and also Earl Reading, the Governor General of India, who belongs to the oppressed Jewish people, to use their power and sense of decency by releasing Gandhi before it becomes too late.

Will Gandhi die in jail? Will you and the readers of your paper spend a few minutes' effort in demanding release of Gandhi through a letter and thus help create an international spiritual bond among those in India following Gandhi's ideas in the Christian world? Gandhi must not die in jail. Gandhi is not afraid to die, nor is he complaining of his ill health and discomfort, but he must not be allowed to rot in jail. The world needs Gandhi and you should help to free him.

TARAKNATH DAS.

WHO WILL ANSWER THIS APPEAL?

The Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

My Dear Brother:

We have here 102 residents. You know the object and nature of this Home, I think. Mrs. H. W. Smith, my wife, is the librarian. Quite a number of religious papers are donated to us and we ought to have UNITY. If you know of anyone who would like to pay for it, for a charitable institution, as we fancy you may, we know it would be greatly appreciated and eagerly read.

Yours always,

Chapin Home, Jamaica, N. Y. S.

A PRIVATE LETTER FROM ENGLAND

". . . Over here as regards things in general, I am afraid all one can say is that we proceed from bad to worse. You have yourself seen something of the tragedy of Europe: the state of things does not improve. We are now receiving, as doubtless you are also, agonizing appeals from Germany to send food and clothing—another Russia! Here at home we have more than a million and a half unemployed, without prospect and without hope, and we are at this moment plunged in the farce of a General Election which staggers and appalls one by its sheer irrelevancy. If it were not all so unspeakably sad, one could shriek with laughter at it. I can not discern any signs of hope. The whole outlook seems to me irremediably black—and we seem to have lost a sense of real values. The whole thing is sheerly awful! . . ."

M.

Rebel at Mode.

"Lest We Forget," will be carved in the granite below the bronze of "Night." Explaining the purpose and message of the memorial, Frank Wigglesworth, a member of the post, said:

"As one travels about the country at the present time, one cannot help being appalled at the general type of memorial that is being erected and has been erected to commemorate those who have given their lives in the service of this country. The general message, if it can be called a message, which these bronze foundry productions create, is a feeling of the romance and of the glorious adventure which pertains to warfare and all serve rather to stimulate than to check the craving for war among the future generations.

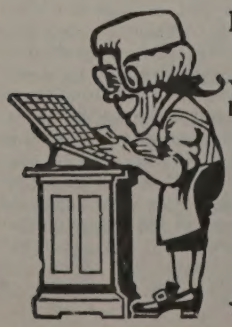
"If one stops for a moment, as few do, to reflect upon the war which has just terminated, it is a far different message that should be handed down if the ideals for which our comrades died are to be perpetuated in any way. You ask what were these ideals; briefly, were they not these?

"That war might be forever abolished; that mankind might find at last a true and lasting fraternity among all nations and industrial progress among all nations. Again they left a message for all who survived that they should impress indelibly upon the public minds the futility, the useless sacrifice and the ghastly nature of war, stripped of its glamor and adventure, and reduced to its fundamental principles.

"Therefore, in creating our memorial we have selected the bronze entitled 'Night,' that all who come to this shrine which we are dedicating to our dead many be forced to stop and think, and, thinking, see for at least one moment the reality and the truth of war as known by our fallen comrades, and against which they fought and gave their lives.

"Secondly, we have selected 'Dawn'—the ravages of war are relegated to the background, the sun of a new era is illuminating the world, while in the clouds the spirit of a generation yet unborn proclaims the new era and the ideals for which the recent war was fought.

"If our memorial shall serve this purpose, if it shall awaken in even a few hearts a lasting realization of the great principles for which so many thousands have given their lives, then we are content and feel that at least, so far as lies in our power, we have carried out the dying request and the lesson which our former comrades left to us as a sacred inheritance."



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